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THE WILL AND THE WAY.

THE old saying, that where there is a will there is a way, might be called an extreme proposition; yet it is so often found true, that proverbial wisdom is amply justified in adopting it. The roads which we incline not to travel are all sadly beset with specimens of the feline tribe; and when a gentleman is asked for money by a companion often in need of it, he is extremely apt to have a large and exhausting payment to make at the end of the week. But when he is really determined to push his way along the road, opposing lions have usually little terror for him, and, if anxious to oblige his friend, he will almost certainly be able to do so without the breach of any of his own engagements. So, also, I observe that my son Tom is very liable at ordinary times to a prejudice as to his power of mastering the lessons set to him by his master; but I seldom hear of any difficulty when a half holiday is made to depend on his being fully accomplished in them. In fact, the most wonderful feats are sometimes performed under the influence of a powerful impulse operating upon the will. When the Texan prisoners of the Santa Fé expedition were told, for instance, by their brutal conductor, that any who should prove unable to walk would be shot, many who had up to that moment seemed at the last gasp of exhaustion, plucked up and set off at a stout pace, which they kept up all day. Quentin Matsys thought he could not paint, till his master told him his daughter's hand depended on his producing a picture of merit within six months; and then he painted the well-known 'Misers,' now preserved in Windsor Castle.

Even in scientific matters this proverb is found applicable. An ingenious man, whose mind runs before its age, discovers some unexpected principles, and repeats the experiments by which they were ascertained over and over again to his entire satisfaction. Being inconsistent with some of the many preconceptions which ignorance or slight knowledge has fixed in the public mind, they are received with distrust, and the usual anxiety is shown by all the associates of the discoverer to find him out to be a base impostor, or at the best a pitiable dreamer. Some therefore go over the experiments, or think they do so, and, as they anticipated, can find no such results. And they really do not find the results. It is the common case. And all the world sits quietly down, saying, 'Oh, of course it was a mere delusion.' And then, if the discoverer is a modest timid man, there is an end of the matter perhaps for twenty years, when at length the principle is discovered again, and forced into notice by other persons. Now, what is the explanation of this? Simply, that the second experimenters came to the trial with sceptical distrustful minds, much more willing to see the

hypothesis disproved than to find it true. All such experiments require to have a number of minutiae, which are almost inexpressible in writing, carefully attended to; for example, the strength or freshness of a particular ingredient may be of material consequence. Thus, although the experiment may have been to appearance fully and fairly made, some little points, such as a person otherwise disposed would have been sure to attend to, are neglected; and for this reason the results are a failure. Such circumstances are continually taking place in the scientific world. The failure is often the result of no feeling so decided as ill-will, but merely of indifference or carelessness. Microscopic accuracies necessary for the success of the experiment will only be fully attended to by the person who feels a heart interest in that success, and is disposed to take any trouble or make any sacrifice to attain it. Besides the actual discoverer, there is no such person, or, if there be, it is a rare case.

The kind of men called great are usually remarkable for powerful will. Caesar, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington — see in them all this efficacious principle towering over almost every other, and rendering opposing circumstances as nothing in their path. They resolve, and the thing is done. The secret of this success is here. Such men first affect their lieutenants, and others immediately around them. These persons, finding all hesitation unacceptable, and no difficulties acknowledged, are inspired to make great efforts. They again affect the mass, and thus the spirit of one man impresses and energises all. The word impossible becomes a lost term in such hosts. Great talents of any kind without this one central principle would not serve. What is required to animate and conquer is WILL; a principle only connected with intellect, but not intellect itself — far from it; a thing essentially selfish, yet a needful aid in the whole procedure of our nature. Men remarkably endowed with will are not always either just, or kind, or judicious. Often, finding it serve them well in some instances, and hearing men whisper flattering remarks upon it, they begin to make it an object of worship. They do not will that they may do; but they act because they take a pleasure in Willing. Obstinate, harsh, pestilent they often are to their fellow-creatures; not unfrequently great martyrs to their own dogged irrational determinations. Yet there is a sublimity in powerful will, which compels all men to venerate. It is the *sine qua non* of all mastery and command. He who lacks it may be amiable, ingenious, upright, wise beyond the wisest, but never will fix decided esteem in the multitude, or come to anything great.

It is extremely puzzling to say how far the common notion, that men might in general act better if they would, is true. We see one man act well, and it is

natural to think that another might do the same, if he chose, particularly as we often see an impulse or motive applied to a man which induces him to exert himself as he never did before. But the perplexing point is, where are we to get, in all cases, the adequate external impulse? The will is a natural endowment as well as the moral faculties themselves. Young persons, and many who continue to be always of mediocre character, have generally little of it. The want of it is often the first, and continues to be the leading feature of insanity. When we see a man acting in a certain way from no want of judgment or good intention, but defect of will to do rightly, can we say that the case is different, either essentially or in its relations, from a case in which there was neither judgment nor good intention? As bad to want will as to want anything. Indeed, most persons who have had occasion to endeavour to operate upon the moral nature of their fellow-creatures, will be prepared to acknowledge that there was no class of cases so apt to appear to them utterly hopeless as those in which there was, while other features of an estimable kind were present, an utter want of will. The passive resistance presented by such natures is felt as a more deadly obstacle than the most perverse actual tendencies. Yet here we should remember our own maxim, where there is a will there is a way, and not be too ready to abandon those who are little ready to reflect upon us the lustre of success. After the many instances which we know of a thorough change of human conduct under the application of right and fitting means, it would surely be unjust to conclude that there is any fellow-creature beyond being set up in moral beauty, if we only could bring the right agency to bear upon the part of his mind which is fitted to yield to it.

It is in regarding it as a star of hope to all under difficulties and disasters, that the maxim is presented to us in its most interesting light. The youth who feels what a hard task he has before him ere he can say that he has attained his proper place in life, knows this golden sentence, and girds his loins up cheerily for that long probation which at once tests his virtue and wins his fortune. The unfortunate on whom the clouds of evil seem closing all round, and who fears that he must be overwhelmed by them, recalls the animating adage, and because he wills, *does* break through all. In short, hardly any difficulty could be cited to which this philosophy is not applicable; and every one will find, if he tries, that, be it through the brakes of entangling and bewildering passions, be it over the wide and unmarked moor of uncertainty, be it through the slough of despond itself, WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE WILL BE A WAY.

MORNINGS WITH THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the course of our ramble we called on the poet's namesake, Mr Thomas Campbell the sculptor. In looking through the studio, I had occasion to notice the excessive admiration with which he regarded beauty of form and expression. A female bust absolutely entranced him. There was no tearing him away from it. The fascination was as complete as in the instance of the 'Child Sweetheart.' This did not seem to be equally the case with pictures. We were afterwards in the National Gallery, and I did not notice any peculiar susceptibility to the beauties of the few very fine pictures in the collection. The charm of the rounded contour, and the effect of the lucid marble, in works of sculpture, no doubt formed part of the spell. In his *Life of Mrs Siddons*, Campbell has recorded his impressions on first seeing the Apollo Belvidere in the Louvre; and as the passage is one of the few really worthy of him in that memoir, and illustrates the peculiarity alluded to, I shall extract it:—

'From the farthest end of the spacious room, the god seemed to look down like a president on the chosen assembly of sculptured forms; and his glowing marble,

unstained by time, appeared to my imagination as if he had stepped freshly from the sun. I had seen casts of the glorious statue with scarcely any admiration; and I must undoubtedly impute that circumstance in part to my inexperience in art, and to my taste having till then lain torpid. But still I prize the recollected impressions of that day too dearly to call them fanciful. They seemed to give my mind a new sense of the harmony of art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. Nor is it mere fancy that makes the difference between the Apollo himself and his plaster casts. The dead whiteness of the stucco copies is glaringly monotonous, whilst the diaphanous surface of the original seems to soften the light which it reflects. Every particular feeling of that hour is written indelibly on my memory. I remember entering the Louvre with a latent suspicion on my mind that a good deal of the rapture expressed at the sight of superlative sculptures was exaggerated or affected; but as we passed through the passage of the hall, there was a Greek figure, I think that of Pericles, with a chlamys and helmet, which John Kemble desired me to notice; and it instantly struck me with wonder at the gentlemanlike grace which art could give to a human form with so simple a vesture. It was not, however, until we reached the grand saloon that the first sight of the god overawed my incredulity. Every step of approach to his presence added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music.'

We next went to the British Museum. I had previously seen the Elgin marbles and other works of art, and Mr Campbell proposed that we should just glance at the library. He sent in his card to Sir Henry Ellis, who came and conducted us through the rooms. The poet was warm in his admiration of the large room. Sir Henry said there were about 300,000 volumes in the library. The Louvre contains 700,000 or 800,000; but single pamphlets or thin volumes are counted separately; not bound together, several in a volume, as in our national institution. The Cambridge University library consists of about 150,000 volumes—the Bodleian, I should suppose, considerably more; and the rate of increase is about 5000 a-year. It is scarcely possible for a bookish man, new from the solitude of the country, to survey these princely collections without echoing the sentiment of James I.—'If it were so that I must be a prisoner, I would have no other prison than such a library, and be chained together with all these goodly authors!'

From the museum we proceeded to the house of Mr Rogers in St James's Place. The venerable author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' gave his brother bard a courteous and kind reception. He seemed delighted to see him. 'Mr Rogers,' said the younger of the poets, 'I have taken the liberty to bring a friend from the country to see your house, as I was anxious he should not leave London without this gratification.' Mr Rogers shook me cordially by the hand, and said every friend of Mr Campbell's was welcome. 'But, Campbell,' added he, 'I must teach you to speak English properly.' [Here the sensitive poet stared and reined up a little.] 'You must not abuse that excellent word *liberty*, as you have done on this occasion.' We now looked over the pictures and works of art—a marvellous collection for so small a depository! Mrs Jameson, Miss Sedgwick, and others, have described the classic mansion in St James's Place. The hospitality of Rogers is proverbial—his breakfasts are famous. Indeed the poet has the credit of establishing the breakfast-party as a link in London society. He 'refined it first, and showed its use.' Mornings in St James's Place are scarcely inferior to the 'delicious lobster nights' of Pope. With the poet of memory, manners the most bland and courteous are, even to strangers, united to the fullest and freest communication of thought and opinion. His delicacy of feeling and expression, and his refined taste, are indeed remarkable; but, in place of rendering him miserable, as

Byron has surmised, I should say they contributed to his happiness and enjoyment. His life has been long and prosperous, and his relish of it seems unabated: he has had a 'latter spring,' lusty and vigorous.

No person perhaps possesses so many literary relics and curiosities as Mr Rogers. The beautiful manuscripts of Gray, written with a crow-quill pen, are among his treasures. In his library—framed and glazed—is the celebrated agreement between Milton and his publisher for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*. The great poet's signature, though he was then old and blind, 'fallen upon evil days,' is singularly neat and distinct. He has also a bust of Pope, the clay model by Roubiliac. 'My father,' said Mr Rogers, 'stood by the side of Pope when Roubiliac was modelling that part of the drapery.' A bust of Pope, enriched by such associations, is indeed valuable. The features are larger than the common prints represent. I had seen an original painting of him, taken when he was ten or twelve years younger, by Jervas, but it is greatly inferior in expression. Here we had Pope calm, thoughtful, penetrating, somewhat wasted by age, disease, and study, but still the clear fine thinker and man of genius. Mr Rogers showed us also an original sketch by Raphael, for which, if we recollect right, he said the Marquis of Westminster had offered him as much land as would serve for a villa! Autograph letters, 'rich and rare,' abound in Mr Rogers's repositories, with scarce books almost as valuable. On one of the tables lay a large piece of amber enclosing a fly, entire in 'joint and limb.' Mr Campbell mentioned that Sidney Smith, who has always some original or humorous remark to make on every object, taking up this piece of amber one day, said, 'Perhaps that fly buzzed in Adam's ear.' After a couple of hours delightfully spent among the books and pictures, Mr Rogers invited us to breakfast next morning. When we got to the door, Campbell broke out—'Well, now, there is a happy and enviable poet! He is about eighty, yet he is in the full enjoyment of life and all its best pleasures. He has several thousands per annum, and I am sure he gives away fifteen hundred in charity.'

Next morning Mr Campbell called at the Tavistock hotel, where he had kindly agreed to meet me, that we might go together to St James's Place. On the way, I mentioned that I had been reading Leigh Hunt's book about Lord Byron, which I had purchased at a stall. 'There is a great deal of truth in it,' said he; 'but it is a pity Hunt wrote it.' He thought Byron would have been a better man if he had continued to live in England: 'the open light of English society and English manners would have kept him more generally right.' We found at Mr Rogers's two other guests—Major Burns, second son of the poet, and the Honourable Charles Murray. Neither of these gentlemen had seen Campbell before, and they appeared highly gratified at the meeting. In the conversation that passed, I shall of course only glance at literary or public topics, not casual or hasty remarks. Captain Murray informed the poet of the present state of Wyoming in Pennsylvania, which has lost, if it ever possessed, that romantic seclusion and primitive manners drawn so beautifully by Campbell: it is now the scene of extensive iron and coal works. The conversation then turned on Captain Murray's adventures among the American Indians. He was several months without seeing a white man. He said he fully believed the stories told in narratives of shipwrecks, of men becoming wolfish and unnatural from excessive hunger. He was at one time nearly two days without food, though undergoing severe exercise on horseback. At the close of the second day he got a piece of raw buffalo flesh, which he devoured greedily; and had it been a piece of human flesh, he was almost convinced he could not have refrained from eating it. Major Burns instanced Byron's vivid description of the shipwreck in *Don Juan*, which was founded on fact. 'Yes,' said Campbell, 'Byron read carefully for materials for his poems.' The manner in which Byron introduces the cannibalism of the famished seamen—their

first dark hints on the subject of murdering one of their number for food—is certainly a very powerful piece of painting. As the cant phrase is—it is like a sketch by Rembrandt.

The presence of Major Burns naturally led to remarks on his father's genius. Campbell got quite animated. He said Burns was the Shakspeare of Scotland—a lesser diamond, but still a genuine one. Tam O'Shanter was his masterpiece, and he (Campbell) could still repeat it all by heart. It reminded him of a certain class of sculpture—the second or Alexandrian class—in which the figures were cast, not hewn or worked out by patient labour. Tam O'Shanter appeared to have been produced in a similar manner, cast out of the poet's glowing fancy, perfect at once. The actual circumstances attending the composition of Tam O'Shanter are not unlike this, as may be seen from the interesting account given by Mr Lockhart. As Johnson loved to gird at David Garrick, but would allow no one else to censure him, Campbell liked occasionally to have a hit at his countrymen, on the score of their alleged Pharisaical moderation and prudence. Burns, he maintained, had none of the *pawkiness* characteristic of his country—he was the most unScotsmanlike Scotsman that ever existed. Some of us demurred to this sally, and attempted to show that Burns had the national character strongly impressed upon him, and that this was one of the main sources of his strength. His nationality was a font of inspiration. Mr Rogers said nothing. Campbell then went on to censure the Scotch for their worship of the great. Even Scott was not exempt from the failing. 'I was once,' said he, 'in company with Walter Scott, where there were many of us, all exceedingly merry. He was delightful—we were charmed with him; when suddenly a *lord* was announced. The lord was so obscure, that I had never heard of him, and cannot recollect his name. In a moment Scott's whole manner and bearing were changed. He was no longer the easy, delightful, independent good fellow, but the timid, distant, respectful worshipper of the great man. I was astonished: and, after all, you might have made a score of dukes and lords out of Walter Scott, and scarcely missed what was taken away.' Mr Rogers said, if he had a son who wished to have a confidential friend, he would recommend him to choose a Scotsman. He would do so in the spirit of the old maxim, that a man will be found the best friend to another who is the best friend to himself. A Scotsman will always look to himself as well as to his friend, and will do nothing to disgrace either. Thus, in his friend, my son would have a good example as well as a safe adviser.

Mr Campbell said he had, when a young man, an interview with Charles James Fox, which gave him a very high idea of him as a man. It was too bad, he added, in Sir Walter Scott, even in those bad times, to write of Fox as he did in his political song on Lord Melville's acquittal, Fox being at the time on his death-bed. Mr Rogers explained that Sir Walter had in that room expressed his deep regret at the circumstance: he said he would sooner have cut off his hand than written the lines if he had known the state in which Fox then was. 'This,' added Rogers, 'Scott told me with tears in his eyes.' I mentioned having seen some unpublished letters of Sir Walter, addressed to Lady Hood (now Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth), in which he also expressed regret on account of his unlucky political song, for which he had been blamed by Lady Hood and the then Marchioness of Stafford.

The poets talked of Shakspeare. Rogers said playfully that Shakspeare's defects of style and expression were so incorporated with his beauties, and we were so blinded by admiration, that we did not discover them. He instanced the construction of the fine passage—

'And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.'

'The beetle feels nothing when a giant dies, but of course the poet meant that it felt at its own death a

pang as great as a giant feels when he dies. Naturalists will not concede this; but I speak only of the construction of the lines; such slovenly and elliptical expression would not be tolerated in an inferior poet.' 'We are all taught from youth to idolise Shakspeare,' said Campbell. 'Yes,' rejoined Rogers, 'we are brought up in the worship of Shakspeare, as some foreigner remarked.' The sonnets of Shakspeare were then adverted to, Mr Rogers expressing a doubt of their genuineness, from their inferiority to the dramas. The quaint expression, and elaborate, exaggerated style of these remarkable productions would not, however, appear so singular in the time of Elizabeth. Poets are generally more formal and stiff in youth than in riper years, and in the plays of Shakspeare we see the gradual formation of his taste and his acquisition of power. It is worthy of remark, however, as Mr Campbell mentioned, that the Venus and Adonis (a truly fine Shakspearian poem) was written before the sonnets, as the poet, in his dedication to Lord Southampton, calls it 'the first heir of his invention.'

I took occasion to ask Campbell if it was true that Sir Walter Scott had got the whole of the Pleasures of Hope by heart after a few readings of the manuscript one evening. 'No,' said he; 'I had not met Scott when the Pleasures of Hope was in manuscript; but he got Lochiel's Warning by heart after reading it once, and hearing it read another time: it was a wonderful instance of memory.' He corrected me for pronouncing 'Lochiel' as a disyllable. 'It is Loch-eel,' said he; 'such is the pronunciation of the country; and the verse requires it.' Rogers laughed heartily at the anecdote told by Moore, that Scott had never seen Melrose by moonlight, notwithstanding his poetical injunction—

'If thou would'st view Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,' &c.

'He had seen other ruins by moonlight, and knew the picturesque effect, or he could very easily imagine it.' Major Burns said that Scott admitted the same to him on the only occasion he had ever met the great minstrel; and Jonny Bower, the sexton, confirmed the statement, adding, 'He never got the key from me at night, and if he had got in, he must have speeled the wa's.' Campbell was greatly amused at this.

Some observations were made on the English style of Scotch authors. It was acknowledged by both the poets that Beattie wrote the purest and most idiomatic English of any Scotch author, not even excepting those who had been long resident in England. The exquisite style of Hume was warmly praised. 'He was substantially honest too,' said Campbell. 'He was, from principle and constitution, a Tory historian, but he makes large and liberal admissions on the other side. When I find him conceding to his opponents, I feel a certainty in the main truth of his narrative. Now, Malcolm Laing is always carping at his opponents, and appears often in the light of a special pleader.' 'Hume has one sentence in his history,' said Mr Rogers, 'which all authors should consider an excellent specimen of his style; and the venerable poet, with great alacrity, went up to the library, and brought down a volume of Hume. He opened it at the account of the reign of James I., and read aloud with a smile of satisfaction—'Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' 'Dr Chalmers,' continued Mr Rogers, 'went farther than this. In one of his sermons here, which all the world went to hear, he remarked, when speaking of the Christian character, that it was above that of the warrior, the statesman, the philosopher, and even the poet—thus placing you, Campbell, above the Duke of Wellington.' 'Very good,' said Campbell laughing, 'I would place his father (looking to Major Burns) above any of them.' It was impos-

sible not to think of Campbell's own lines in his Ode to the Memory of Burns:—

'O deem not 'midst this worldly strife
An idle art the poet brings;
Let high philosophy control;
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.'

The only instance of Mr Rogers's severity which I noticed in the course of the forenoon, was a remark concerning a literary foreigner who had been on a visit to London, and left an unfavourable impression on his English admirers. 'He made himself one evening,' said he, 'so disagreeable, that I had a mind to be very severe. I intended to have inquired in the tenderest tone how his wife was?' The gentleman alluded to and his wife had, it appears, separated a few days after their marriage from incompatibility of temper. The conversation now turned to the subject of marriage. Mr Rogers said he thought men had judged too harshly of Swift for his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa. Swift might have the strongest affection for both, yet hesitate to enter upon marriage with either. Marriage is an awful step (a genuine old bachelor conclusion!), and Johnson said truly, that to enter upon it required great moral courage. 'Upon my word,' said Campbell, 'in nine cases out of ten it looks like madness.' This led to some rillery and laughter, and we shortly afterwards took our leave. Captain Murray had been compelled to leave early, and we were thus deprived of his lively and varied conversation. Four hours had sped away to my infinite delight. The poets parted with many affectionate words and congratulations, promising 'oft to meet again.' I walked with Mr Campbell to the Clarence Club, and on quitting him there, he said, 'Be sure to go to Dulwich in the afternoon and see the pictures: you can easily get there, and in the evening roll back to London in that chariot of fire, the railway train.'

I did so, and also attempted to Boswellise our morning's talk—my first and only attempt of the kind. Let any one make a similar effort to recall and write down a four hours' conversation, and he will rise with a higher idea of Boswell than he ever previously entertained!

I had afterwards frequent opportunities of meeting the poet. He was seen to most advantage in the mornings, when a walk out of doors, in the sunshine, seldom failed to put him in spirits. He had a strong wish to 'make a book' on Greek literature, taking his lectures in the New Monthly Magazine for his groundwork. Sometimes I found him poring over Clarke's Homer, or a copy of Euripides, on which occasions he would lay down the volume, take off his spectacles, and say, with pride, 'I was at this by seven o'clock in the morning.' Early rising was a favourite theme with him, though latterly he was, like Thomson, more eager to inculcate than to adopt the practice. 'Gertrude of Wyoming' was a daylight production, written during his residence at Sydenham, near London—his first home after marriage, and the scene of his brightest and happiest days. Mr Campbell spoke with animation one morning of a breakfast he had just had at Mr Hallam's. 'It was the breakfast of the poets,' said he, 'for Moore, Rogers, Wordsworth, and Mr Milman were there. We had a delightful talk.' Campbell had very little regard for the 'Lake Poets,' as they were called, but he held Wordsworth to be greatly superior to the others. He admired Coleridge's criticism, but maintained that he got some of his best ideas from Schlegel. 'He was such an inveterate dreamer,' said he, 'that I daresay he did not know whether his ideas were original or borrowed.' Yet Campbell used to ridicule most of the charges brought against authors of direct plagiarism. One day the late John Mayne, the Scottish poet, accused him of appropriating a line from an old ballad—

'Adown the glen rode armed men.'

'Pooh,' said he, 'the old ballad-writer had it first—that

was all.' Two well-known images in the Pleasures of Hope are taken, it will be recollected, one from Blair's Grave, and the other from Sterne. A poet, in the hour of composition, waiting for the *right word*, or the closing image, he once compared to a gardener or florist waiting for the summer shower that was to put all his flower-beds into life and beauty. In his own moments of inspiration, however, Campbell was no such calm expectant. He used to be much excited—walking about—and even throwing himself down. In the island of Mull, where he first felt the force of his rapidly-awakening powers, his friends, at such times, used to think him crazed. But to return to our memoranda. Moore, according to Campbell, had the most sparkling and brilliant fancy of any modern poet. 'He is a most wonderful creature—a fire-fly from heaven—yet, as Lady Holland said, what a pity we cannot make him bigger!' Scott, he said, had wonderful art in extracting and treasuring up old legends and characteristic traits of character and manners. 'In his poems there is a great deal about the Highlands, yet he made only passing visits to the country. After his Lord of the Isles came out, a friend said to me, "Where can Walter Scott have got all those stories about the West Highlands? I was six weeks there, making inquiries, yet heard nothing of them." "It is his peculiar talent—his genius," I replied; for I was nearly six years there, and knew nothing of them either. Crabbe was a pear of a different tree. What work he would have made among the Highland bothies! His *musa severior* would have shown them up. No romance—no legends—but appalling scenes of sordid misery and suffering. Crabbe was an amazingly shrewd man, yet mild and quiet in his manners. One day at Holland-house they were all lauding his simplicity—how gentle he is! how simple! I was tempted to exclaim, "Yes, simplicity that could buy and sell the whole of you!"'

The early struggles and ill-requited literary drudgery which Campbell had to submit to for years, gave a tinge of severity to some of his opinions and judgments both of men and things. These splenetic ebullitions, however, never interfered with his practical charity and kindness. He loved to do good, and he held fast by old friends and old opinions. Like Burns, he worshipped 'firm resolve.'

That stalk of earl-hemp in man.

Among the literary opinions of Mr Campbell, was one which he was fond of maintaining—the superiority of Smollett as a novelist, compared with Fielding. This is mentioned in the Life of Crabbe; and I asked in what points he considered the superiority to consist? 'In the vigour and rapidity of his narrative,' he said, 'no less than in the humour of his incidents and characters. He had more imagination and pathos. Fielding has no scene like that in the robber's hut in Count Fathom: he had no poetry, and little tenderness in his nature.' Yet the real life and knowledge of human nature evinced by Fielding, his wit, and the unrivalled construction of his plots, seem to place him above his great associate in English fiction. Neither was remarkable for delicacy; but Smollett was incomparably the coarser of the two. Certainly, like good wines, Fielding improves with age, and the racy flavour of his scenes and characters has a mellow ripeness that never cloy on the taste. Mr Campbell, as already hinted, had a roving adventurous fancy, that loved a quick succession of scenes and changes, and this predilection might have swayed him in favour of Smollett. *Some things* Smollett may have done better than Fielding, but not *entire novels*.

After an interval of two years, I again met Mr Campbell in London. He was then much changed—feeble and delicate in health, but at times rallying wonderfully. I have a very vivid recollection of a pleasant day spent with him at Dr Beattie's cottage at Hampstead. We walked over the heath, moralising on the great city looming in the distance, begirt with villas—

Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads.

At Beattie's he was quite at home. The kind physician knew him well, and had great influence over him. Mr Campbell at this time resided at Fimlico. A young Scottish niece acted as his housekeeper, and to this lady he left the whole of his little property.

His letters from Boulogne were few and short, mostly complaining of the cold weather. In a note dated 17th November 1843, we find him remarking—'The climate here is naturally severer than in England. Joy to you in Scotland, whom Jove treats more mildly! I suppose the cold of the north has been ordered to march all to the south, and that it is to be long billeted upon us!' One cause of the poet's residence in Boulogne was the promotion of his niece's education. Mr Hamilton, the English consul, was, as usual, kind and attentive; but though Campbell now and then looked in upon a ball-room or festive party, he seldom stayed longer than an hour. Dr Beattie generously went to succour him in his last illness, and the poet had the Church of England service for the sick read to him by the Protestant clergyman of Boulogne. He died calmly and resignedly—his energies completely exhausted. He used to say he was of a long-lived race. Sixty-seven, however, is no very prolonged span of life; yet his two favourite poets, whom he resembled in genius, died much earlier. Gray, at the period of his death, was fifty-five, and Goldsmith only forty-five. Campbell's magnificent funeral in Westminster Abbey is matter of history. *Requiescat in pace!*

THE FESTIVAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A SCENE IN NAVARRE.

It was a fine afternoon in the spring of 1834; the birds were cheerfully singing on the trees, the flocks and herds contentedly cropped the young herbage, and the air was perfumed with odours. Not only did the face of nature brightly smile, but some festive ceremony was evidently about to be performed in the village of —, in Navarre. Numbers of young girls were seated at the cottage doors, weaving garlands of spring flowers, whilst several youths looked on and encouraged them. Here and there an old man, wrapped in a rusty-brown cloak almost as ancient as himself, stood observing the juvenile groups; and on the threshold of a miserable hovel sat an aged woman singing a wild air, accompanied by uncouth gestures; but whether they betokened joy, grief, or anger, it would have been difficult for a stranger to determine.

At length the damsels rose, each bearing in her hand the blooming wreath she had entwined, and the whole party proceeded to a small plaza, or square, in front of the church, where, waving their chaplets gracefully, they danced to the sound of a large tambourine and the mountain-pipe, called the *gaeta*, the tones of which strongly resemble those of the bagpipes. Nor was the human voice wanting: the harsh and discordant chant of the beldame was again heard; and by her side a lean rickety boy, of about fourteen, with wiry flaxen hair, imbecile look, and unmeaning grin, beat time by clapping his hands. The dancers became more and more animated every moment; the fine hair of the young women, which had hitherto been plaited and arranged with natural good taste, was, by some sudden process, allowed to fall loosely on their shoulders; and at the same moment each maiden placed a chaplet on her head, the young men slinging larger garlands across their breasts, like the broad ribbons of chivalric orders.

At the conclusion of the dance, the great gates of the church were thrown open; at the eastern end the altar, resplendent from the effect of numerous large wax candles, had an imposing appearance. The cura, or priest, habited in richly-embroidered vestments, stood under the portico, and spreading forth his hands, bestowed a blessing on the people, who knelt reverentially to receive it.

While this act of devotion was in progress, a loud

creaking sound was heard, and presently a small body of men appeared advancing along the road which runs close by the square. Their heads were covered with the flat cap called *La Boina*; they wore coarse brown cloth jackets, and loose white linen trousers, their waists being encircled with broad red woollen sashes, below which, and in front, were strapped their cananas, or cartridge-pouches: instead of shoes they had *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals: they were armed with muskets; and bayonets without scabbards were stuck in their belts. This vanguard was followed by four wains, each drawn by two oxen, guided by a peasant bearing a long staff, with a goad at one end. The oxen moved very slowly, the creaking sound being produced by the evolutions of the heavy wooden axletrees of the wains, which were followed by a much larger party, clothed and armed in the same manner as that in advance, the whole being commanded by an officer in uniform. Three of the bullock-cars contained each a new bronze mortar of moderate size; the fourth was laden with ammunition-boxes. On their arrival in the plaza, the escort uncovered their heads, knelt, and received the priest's benediction. The assemblage then rose; the tambourine and mountain-pipe struck up; the old woman resumed her discordant song; the half-witted urchin clapped his lean hands more vehemently than ever; the young men and maidens moved towards the wains with a solemn dancing step; and, finally, the girls decorated the horns and necks of the oxen with the wreaths they had been gracefully waving during the dance; whilst the youths encircled the mortars with the larger garlands; the whole ceremony being performed with the utmost enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, the priest had retired to the interior of the church; but when all the arrangements were completed—the oxen adorned with their glowing honours, standing patiently in the sun, and the murderous bronze artillery decked with sweet and peaceful flowers—he again came forth, preceded by a youthful acolyte carrying a large silver cross, elevated on a staff apparently of the same metal. By his side was another boy wearing a scarlet cnssock, over which was a white muslin tunic: he bore a silver censer, which, when this little procession had reached the wains, he threw up into the air, and then drew it back again by its silver chain, making the white smoke of the incense cloud over the mortars, and around the heads of the oxen, after which the priest sprinkled them with holy water. The instant this ceremony was completed, there was a general shouting of '*Viva Carlos Quinto! Viva la Religion! Success to the new mortars! Death to the Christians!*' Amidst these fervent cheers the bullock-cars moved on, escorted as before; the young men accompanying them as a guard of honour a little way beyond the limits of the village. On parting, the soldiers cried—'*To Elizondo! to Elizondo!*' and soon entering a mountain gorge, they disappeared.

The day after this scene there was considerable agitation in the village. Several fathers of families, who had been absent acting as scouts attached to Don Carlos's army, or otherwise connected with it, returned. They brought accounts of the retreat of the Carlist chief, Zumalacarregruy, from before Elizondo; and it was whispered that the mortars which had passed through on the previous day, and had been welcomed with so much pomp, were on their way back. The confusion occasioned by these reports was at its height when a stranger, covered with dust, rushed into the plaza with breathless haste. He was a fine well-made man of about thirty; his features, though handsome, bore a strong stamp of cunning; and the expression of his large gray eyes, set in a face the colour of which was only a shade removed from black, was so peculiar, as to render it painful to meet their gaze. The stranger's costume was unlike that of the Navarrese peasants. He wore a jacket of dark-blue velvet, open, displaying a waistcoat of the same material, adorned with three rows of large open-worked silver buttons, hanging loosely; his breeches were

of coarse dark cloth, with silver buttons down the outer seams; he also wore a blue worsted sash, and hempen sandals. Round his head was a cotton handkerchief of bright and variegated colours, tied behind, with two long ends hanging down; above the handkerchief appeared a cone-shaped black beaver hat, with a narrow brim turned up all round; the front of the hat was ornamented with three tarnished tinsel stars—green, ruby, and yellow—stuck on a strip of rusty black velvet. His thick neck was bare, and, from constant exposure to the sun and weather, as dark as his face. He was a *gitano*, or gipsy.

'I am sent by Zumalacarregruy,' said this man, 'to tell you that the mortars are on their way back, and that they must be concealed in this neighbourhood; all, therefore, must unite in conveying them to a place of safety. The general's orders are, that every man proceed instantly to meet them: they must not re-enter the village: your privileges, your lives even, depend on promptitude and energy: the *holy* guns must be placed in security.'

This appeal met with a ready echo in the breast of every hearer; for the whole population of the village had identified themselves with the fate of the consecrated artillery. All the men immediately sallied forth with Zumalacarregruy's messenger. They had not proceeded far along the road, before the well-known creaking of the bullock-cars indicated that the objects they had set forth to meet were approaching: they soon appeared, bereft, however, of their gay adornments.

The gitano immediately addressed himself to the officer in command of the escort: and after a brief parley, three of the village elders were summoned to join in the consultation. Much animated discourse ensued, accompanied by that lively gesticulation by which the Spaniards are characterised. The result was, that the wains were drawn along a by-road to a field, under the guidance of the villagers, the gipsy and the escort following. On arriving at the centre of the field, the oxen were taken out of the wains, which, being tilted up, the mortars glided easily to the ground. The peasants had brought with them the large hoes used by the husbandmen of Navarre, and having dug trenches of about three feet deep, the mortars, which only the day before were adorned with garlands, and sent with shouts and vivas to be employed against the Christians, were now buried in the earth in solemn silence.

The oxen were again yoked to the wains, and led to the high road, whence they departed in an opposite direction: the escort took the shortest route to the mountains, and the villagers hastened to regain their homes. The gipsy proceeded to the residence of the cura, with whom he was closeted for some time: he then went to the small venta, or village inn. After his departure, the alcalde was summoned to attend the cura: they held a long conference, at the conclusion whereof the alcalde visited every house, and made a communication of solemn import to its inmates.

Towards evening several little groups were assembled in the plaza, and before the house doors. They conversed energetically, and, on separating at nightfall, their countenances and manner indicated that a definitive and decided resolution had been universally adopted upon some highly interesting and important matter.

The following morning, just as the mists were clearing away from the summits of the neighbouring mountains, General Mina entered the village, having marched during the greater part of the night. He had previously caused the place to be surrounded by his troops, in order to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. Attended by his staff, he rode to the plaza, whither the whole population were summoned by the crazy drum and drawing voice of the *pregonero*, or public crier.

The people, who only two days before had hastened to the same spot with dancing step and exulting eye, cheered by the tambourine and mountain-pipe, now crept one by one out of their dwellings with fearfully-anxious looks, and wended their unwilling way towards the plaza.

Mina eyed them sharply as they emerged from the narrow avenues; but his weather-beaten face did not betray any inward emotion. By his side stood the cura, dressed in a rusty-black cassock, holding between both hands his oblong shovel-hat, and pressing its sides within the smallest possible compass. His countenance was ghastly, and his small jet-black eyes peered from beneath their half-closed lids, first at the villagers as they glided into the plaza, and then askance at the general, who had already questioned him closely with regard to the mortars, which he had been assured the villagers had voluntarily assisted in attempting to convey to Elizondo—then in possession of the queen's forces, and fortified—for the purpose of bombarding it. He had also heard of the ceremony of decorating and rejoicing over the mortars, and of their subsequent concealment, with the connivance and aid of the cura's parishioners.

The priest, however, pretended to be totally ignorant of the matter. 'Senor General,' he said, 'the cura of — will never sanction rebellion against his rightful sovereign.'

As soon as these words had escaped his lips, a loud clapping of hands was heard immediately behind him. Upon turning round, the cura perceived the idiot lad, who laughed in his face, and trailed his half-dislocated legs along, in grotesque imitation of dancing. The cura looked affrighted; the muscles of his visage became suddenly contracted; and his eyes flashed fire upon the urchin whose noisy movements seemed to strike terror into his soul.

The plaza was now crowded with men, women, and children; shortly afterwards an aid-de-camp appeared, followed by an officer's guard. The former approached the general, and reported that, in pursuance of his orders, every house had been searched, and that, to the best of his knowledge, all the male inhabitants who remained in the village were now present.

'Let them be separated from the women and children,' said the general.

This order was promptly executed, the men being drawn up in a line before Mina. It was a strange, an anxious scene: the elderly men stood, like ancient Romans, with their cloaks thrown about them in every variety of picturesque drapery; some of their younger companions were dressed in brown woollen jackets, their snow-white shirt collars falling on their shoulders; others in short blue smock-frocks, confined round the waist by broad girdles of bright mixed colours. All wore the picturesque boina, but of varied hues—blue, white, or red.

The women and children formed a gloomy back-ground to this singular picture: they were far more numerous than the men, one or more of every family having joined the Carlist party. The young girls, who only forty-eight hours before had been weaving chaplets with so much glee and energy, now stood motionless, some looking fixedly on Mina; others, their hands clasped, and their beautiful eyes raised towards heaven, appeared absorbed in prayer. The old woman, crouched on the ground, plied her knitting-needles with great diligence; her lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped from them; and she had so placed herself as to be able to peer through the slight separation between two of the men who stood before her.

Mina now advanced a few paces in front of his staff-officers, and thus addressed the villagers:—

'I know that, two days ago, three mortars passed through your village on their way to Elizondo, and that, yesterday, they were brought back. I also know that they have been concealed in this vicinity with the knowledge of the inhabitants: where are they?'

Not a syllable was uttered in reply.

'Where are the guns?' cried Mina with a loud voice and irritated manner—'the mortars you decorated with garlands, because you supposed they were shortly to be used against the queen's forces?'

The people continued silent.

Whilst this was going on—the eyes of the staff-officers and the troops being all fixed on the general and the

villagers—the cura had managed to glide into a narrow alley by the side of the church (at the back of which, by a strange oversight, no sentinel had been placed), then darting down a lane, he crossed a rivulet at the end, and plunged into a dell covered with brushwood: thence, through paths well known to him, he bent his course towards a small town about a league off, where he knew there was a Carlist garrison.

Mina, finding he could not make any impression on the determined people before him, turned sharply round with the intention of commanding the cura to use his influence to induce them to give him the information he required; not seeing him, he said, 'Where is the cura? Search the church!—search his house!'

In the former there was not a living being; and at the latter only the ama, or housekeeper, a good-looking young woman, who declared that she had not seen his reverence since he was summoned to the general's presence early in the morning.

This being reported to Mina, he shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded once more to harangue the multitude:—'Well,' he said, 'you appear resolved to refuse giving me the information I ask for: now, listen to the voice of Mina, who never promises nor threatens in vain. If, in one quarter of an hour by this watch (drawing it from his pocket), the place where the Carlist mortars are hidden be not divulged, I will decimate the men now before me. Every tenth man shall be instantly shot: decide for yourselves.'

It was a fearful quarter of an hour. Each man was joined by a female—a mother, wife, sister, or one to whom his heart was devoted: the only individual unnoticed by any of the women was the gipsy. He was a stranger in the village, and belonged to a race for which there was no sympathy on the part of the Navarrese, although its members were at that early period of the civil war employed on important missions by the Carlist chieftains. He stood alone with his arms folded, and was apparently in a state of abstraction.

The drum was beat—the quarter of an hour had elapsed: the soldiers again began to separate the men from the women. In the confusion, the idiot boy crept up to the gipsy, and roused him from his reverie by saying in a half-whisper, 'Ho, Senor Gitano! stand last on the line, and you are safe.'

The stranger looked intently for an instant at the lad, who rubbed the palms of his hands together, and glanced confidently towards the extremity of the line of men now almost formed. The gipsy contrived to place himself the last.

Silence having been commanded and obtained, Mina said, 'This is the last moment—confession or decimation.' No answer, no sign.

'Sergeant, do your duty,' said the general.

Immediately a non-commissioned officer began counting along the line. On arriving at the tenth man, he was made to stand forth. The sergeant then went on reckoning in like manner. Four more were thus selected. The sergeant recommenced counting. There were but nine left, the gipsy being the ninth. The rank was closed up again, and the five men were left standing about a yard in front of the others. An officer and eight soldiers now marched into the centre of the plaza; and the villager, who had the unenviable precedence in this mournful selection, was led to the general, who thus addressed him: 'Reveal the hiding-place, and you are safe. I should rejoice if your life could be spared.'

'Senor,' replied the prisoner, a fine young man, 'I know it not.'

Mina rode to the front of the line of villagers and said, 'Will any of you confess, and save this youth?'

'The mortars did not pass through the village on their return,' cried the men.

Mina then rode to the rear, and questioned the women.

'General, general,' they all shrieked together, 'we know nothing of the mortars. Spare him, spare him; be merciful, for the love of God.'

This reply—this appeal for mercy—had scarcely been sent forth, ere a young and beautiful woman rushed from the group, and falling on her knees before Mina, exclaimed in imploring accents, 'Spare, oh spare my brother! He was all yesterday in the mountains cutting wood, and did not return till after nightfall.'

'There is no remedy,' replied Mina, 'unless the secret be disclosed.'

Five minutes after Mina's return to the spot where his staff were assembled, the young man was led to the wall of a house fronting the plaza; his arms were pinioned, and a handkerchief was tied over his face. He was then shot dead by four soldiers, who all fired at one and the same instant. Three more shared a similar fate, after every endeavour to induce them or the other villagers to give information concerning the mortars. They all met their fate with heroic calmness and dignity. The fifth was an old man. His anxious eyes had followed each of his fellow-captives to the death-station. His own turn was now at hand. There lay the bleeding corpses of his young companions, and he was interrogated as they had been previously to their execution. 'I call God to witness,' cried the aged man, 'that I know nothing of the matter. I confess to having been present when the mortars passed through on their way to Elizondo, but I was not here when they were brought back.'

'Tis true, 'tis true,' shouted the people, forgetting, in the fearful excitement of the moment, that they were condemning themselves by this declaration.

'Then save his life by confessing,' answered Mina.

'We have nothing to confess; Francisco is innocent,' was the universal reply, to which succeeded a sepulchral silence.

As the old man was being conducted towards the wall where lay the four dead bodies, he passed close to Mina's horse; and at the moment when his arms were about to be tied behind him by two soldiers, he broke from them, and casting himself on his knees, clasped the general's thigh with both his shrivelled hands, crying, 'For the love of the Holy Virgin, spare me, spare me! Oh! by the affection you bore your own father, save the life of an aged parent! I never saw the mortars after they left the village the first day.'

Mina moved not; his face appeared as though it had been chiselled out of a block of brown stone. The two soldiers in vain endeavoured to loosen the poor old man's hands from Mina's thigh: he clung to, and grasped it with all the strength of desperation. At length, however, by dint of repeated efforts, he was removed, and having been taken in a state of exhaustion to the fatal wall, he speedily fell, pierced by the deadly bullets.

After this awful execution, Mina said, in a loud voice, 'Now let the last man in the line be brought forward.'

Mina had observed, immediately after the old villager had been shot, that an interchange of glances full of meaning took place between the gipsy and the half-witted boy; and surmised, all at once, that the stranger might be influenced by the fear of death to divulge the secret.

On hearing the order for his being brought forward, the gipsy's swarthy complexion assumed a deep yellow tinge, and he trembled from head to foot. 'You have but five minutes to live unless the mortars be found,' said Mina, addressing the gitano.

The moral construction of the gipsy was of a very different nature to that of the peasantry of the northern provinces of Spain, although he had been a zealous hired agent of the Carlist junta in stirring up the people to the pitch of enthusiasm to which the Navarrese had been wrought at that period, under the idea that all their rights, privileges, and religious observances were at stake, and could only be secured by the annihilation of the Christinos. He had expected to escape by means of the position in which he had contrived to place himself on the line of villagers, and had therefore

remained silent during the previous interrogations; but now, finding that the very manoeuvres he had put in practice to save his life had, on the contrary, brought him to the verge of destruction, he lost all command over himself. In tremulous accents he begged permission to speak privately to the general. He was led, tottering from fright, to the side of his horse. Mina was obliged to stoop to listen to his almost inaudible whisper, rendered doubly indistinct by the chattering of his teeth. 'Senor Mina, my general,' he muttered, 'if I divulge the secret, will you take me with you? Will you protect me from the vengeance of these villagers?'

'I will,' answered Mina.

'Then—send a party of soldiers, with some pioneers, down the lane to the left of the church, and when they arrive at a spot where there are three evergreen oaks, let them turn into a field to the right; in the centre of it they will see a heap of manure; let that be removed; then let them dig about three feet deep, and they will find the mortars.'

Mina instantly gave orders to the above effect; and during the absence of the party—about half an hour—a solemn silence reigned in the plaza. The gitano stood close to Mina's horse with downcast eyes, though occasionally he glanced furtively at the villagers, who all regarded him with menacing gravity.

At length a sergeant arrived from the exploring party, and informed Mina that the mortars had been found. 'Your life is spared,' said the general to the trembling gipsy, 'and your person shall be respected—you march with us.'

It took the greater part of the day to get the mortars exhumed and placed in bullock-cars pressed from the inhabitants, who were also compelled to dig up the guns and hoist them into the wains, the owners of which were forced to guide the oxen, under a strong guard.

The foregoing narrative, the leading features of which are traced from facts, displays the indomitable spirit of the Navarrese peasantry. Heart-rending it is to reflect upon the frightful evils of civil war, which none can fully conceive but those who have been eye-witnesses of them.

LIFE IN THE SEWERS.

Few who walk along the streets of London, and see mile on mile of carriage-way and foot-pavement stretching out before them, and branching off on every side, reflect upon the vast and wonderful scheme of sewerage that extends underneath. From the remotest district of London to the river, small sewers flow into larger ones; and these again, after a long course and many windings, into the Thames. Were a map executed of these subterranean currents, so intricate, yet so regular, like the large veins and arteries of the body, it would convey a grander idea of the civilisation of the capital than even the magnificent streets, filled with the productions of the world, that extend above ground. Formed of substantial brick-work, well arched and secure, they represent a sunken capital which has been variously estimated at the enormous sum of from one million and a half to two millions sterling. It is an interesting sight when any one of the main sewers is under repair in a principal thoroughfare, to see how deep the excavation is, and how many lines of gas and fresh water pipes have to be traversed before the strong current of foul water, running in its capacious brick channel, is reached by the workmen. Several of these main sewers were open streams, meandering through the fields, before London became so gigantic as it is now; and among the number may be cited the Fleet, running from beyond Islington, through Bagnigge Wells, Clerkenwell, Fildham, Holborn, and Farringdon Street, into the Thames, once capable, it appears, of bearing merchant vessels as far as Holborn; the Walbrook, running from Moorfields past

the Mansion-House, and by the church of St Stephen, Walbrook, and by Dowgate, into the Thames; and the Lang or Long Bourne, which still gives name to one of the wards of London.

Any one who has walked over Blackfriars or Waterloo Bridge when the tide is down, may have observed men and boys, and occasionally women, walking upon the shores of the river, knee deep in the slime, with baskets upon their backs, or slung over their arms, picking up pieces of wood that have been left behind by the tide, or bits of coal that have fallen from the numerous coal barges that come up laden from the Pool, where the collier vessels are moored, to discharge their cargoes at the wharfs further to the west. These 'mud-larks,' as they are sometimes called, bear generally a bad character, being accused of not contenting themselves with the prizes they find on the shore, but of robbing the coal barges or other vessels, on board of which they can creep at nightfall without detection. However this may be, their functions do not end with the shore, but in the sewer. With torch in hand, to preserve them from the attacks of numerous large and ferocious rats, they wade, sometimes almost up to the middle, through the stream of foul water, in search of stray articles that may have been thrown down the sinks of houses, or dropped through the loop-holes in the streets. They will at times travel for two or three miles in this way—by the light of their torches, aided occasionally by a gleam of sunshine from the grating by the wayside—far under the busy thoroughfares of Cornhill, Cheapside, the Strand, and Holborn, very seldom able to walk upright in the confined and dangerous vault, and often obliged to crawl on all fours like the rats, which are their greatest enemies. The articles they mostly find are potatoes and turnips, or bones, washed down the sinks by careless scullery-maids; pence and halfpence, and silver coins; occasionally a silver spoon or fork, the loss of which may have caused considerable distress and ill-will in some house above; and not unfrequently more valuable articles, which thieves, for fear of detection, have thrown down when they have been hard pressed by the officers of justice. It might be thought that a life amid the vilest filth, and amid so much danger and unpleasantness of every kind, would allure but few; but the hope of the great prizes sometimes discovered in this miserable way deprives it of its terrors, and all the principal sewers that branch into the Thames have their regular frequenters. Were it not that the tide gives them too little time for that purpose, they would extend their researches to the extremities of London; but two or three miles inland is the utmost bound of their peregrinations. Those who value their lives will not be tempted to extend their researches further, lest they should be drowned by the rising waters of the river.

About two years ago, these and some other particulars of their mode of life were first elicited in consequence of the following circumstance:—An old man who had long pursued this calling was suddenly missed. Every search was made for him by the few to whom he was known; and his wife and family, not without many fears that he had lost his way in the sewers, or had been surprised by the tide, and drowned in his efforts to escape, made anxious inquiries at every police office in London; but without receiving any tidings of his fate. Months elapsed, and his name was passing from the remembrance of all but those who had lost their husband and father by his disappearance, when a young man, passing with his torch up the Fleet, at nearly a mile distant from the place where it discharges itself into the Thames, was startled at seeing the figure of a man amid the darkness sitting at the junction of a smaller sewer with the main current of the Fleet. He shouted, but received no answer, and heard nothing but the rolling of the black and fetid water, and the splash or squeak of the numerous rats which he had alarmed. Advancing nearer, he held the light to the face of the silent figure, and beheld the ghastly countenance of a skeleton.

He was not a man of strong mind, and losing his self-possession in his horror, he stumbled against it and fell. His light was extinguished. His situation was now sufficiently awful; but the added horror of the total darkness recalled his startled faculties instead of scattering them entirely. He knew his way by the number of iron gratings at intervals above, and groped along cautiously, shouting as loudly as he could, to keep up his own courage, and to startle the rats from his path, lest he should tread upon one which would turn upon him and fasten on his flesh. Grating after grating was thus passed, and he heard the carriages rattling above whenever he came near, and at times the conversation of people. Once he stopped under a grating, by the side of which an old woman sat at her apple-stall, and overheard her discourse with her customers, and was tempted to give the alarm, that he might be drawn up. This, however, would have been a work of time, and he therefore decided to go on. He proceeded accordingly, and arrived at the Thames without accident, and immediately informed his companions of the discovery he had made. It was surmised at once that the skeleton was that of the man who had been so long missing. Information was given to the police, and a constable was despatched to see the issue. He would not, however, venture up the sewer, but remained by the river side to await the return of the three 'mud-larks' who went up with torches and a basket to bring out the remains of the dead man. They found, on reaching the spot, that the discoverer, in his fright, by falling against the skeleton, had overturned it from its sitting position. A skull, a mass of bones, with a few buttons, and a portion of his shoes, alone remained—his flesh and his attire having been devoured piecemeal by the rats. The remains were collected and brought out without accident. A coroner's inquest was held on the following day, and the identity was established by the buttons, the only means by which it could be proved. Of course it could never be known to a certainty how the life of this unfortunate being had been lost; but the general supposition was, either that he had been suffocated by foul air, or that he had been seized with a fit of apoplexy in that darksome sewer. The simple verdict 'found dead' was returned by the jury.

Such is the romance of common things; and such is one of the many marvels that lie around us and beneath us, observable only by those who are disposed to study the manners, the habits, and the struggles of the poor.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

THERE are certain facts in ancient history to which popular attention is, at intervals, pointedly directed, because they bear a resemblance to some passing occurrence of the present time. Thus, the recent disastrous retreat of British troops from Cabul, in the heart of Asia, has caused much to be said of late, by way of comparison, of a like military evolution performed some two thousand years ago, under nearly similar circumstances, but with far more fortunate results. The historian to whom we are indebted for the details of this military expedition was Xenophon, a Greek philosopher and soldier who accompanied it. His simple and circumstantial narrative—called the *Anabasis* (literally, 'The going up')—is one of the most interesting specimens of literature which has been snatched from the wreck of time. A modern, and therefore to us a double interest has been infused into it by an indefatigable and learned eastern traveller, who, having lately passed over four-fifths of the route, has been able, from personal inspection, to identify the sites of most of the places mentioned by Xenophon, and thus to place the minute fidelity of his history beyond all question.* The small portion of the

* *Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks; being a geographical and descriptive account of the expedition of Cyrus, and of the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, as related by Xenophon.* By William F. Alnsworth, F.G.S., &c. surgeon to the late Euphrates expedition; author of *Travels in Asia Minor*, &c.

track which this writer did not visit, has fortunately been inspected by Major Rennel, and by Mr Hamilton Junior. From these various authors, ancient and modern, we propose furnishing our readers with a sketch of the renowned expedition under Cyrus; chiefly, however, in reference to its most celebrated events—the battle, and the retreat of the Greeks.

In the year 404 before Christ, the seat of the Persian empire was Babylon, and its sovereign Darius II. He had two sons, Artaxerxes Mnemon and Cyrus; the latter being satrap or viceroy over a large district of Asia Minor. In the same year Darius died, and Artaxerxes succeeded him. Cyrus conspired against his brother, in order to obtain the throne: his treason was discovered by Tissaphernes, satrap of another province, who happened to be in the capital, and it was only the intercession of his mother (Parysatis) which saved him from the death of a traitor. He was, moreover, restored to his government, and returned to it with a mind exasperated by disgrace, and meditating a revengeful return for his brother's clemency.

No sooner did Cyrus return than he collected a vast army of the Asiatics belonging to his own principality, secretly intending to march to Babylon against his brother. It happened at this time that Clearchus, a Spartan general, had landed from Greece to subdue the Byzantines, or inhabitants of modern Turkey; but, instead of obeying the orders of his superiors, had taken part with the people he had been sent to fight against. A second army of his own countrymen was shipped off against him, by whom he was defeated. In this terrible emergency he offered himself and his whole army to Cyrus, who received him with open arms, and paid him a large sum of money. Thus, despite the classical interest which Xenophon has thrown around this famous expedition, it was, in reality, composed entirely of rebels and traitors.

Having collected a sufficient number of men, Cyrus assembled the whole army at Sardes, in Lydia, which is now Sarte in the Turkish province of Anadolia. Cyrus deceived his army into the belief that he only intended to invade the country of the Psidians, none but the Greek general, Clearchus, being in the secret. Tissaphernes, however, on hearing of the vast equipment, suspected the truth, and posted off to the Persian king to put him on his guard. Thus Cyrus's main object, secrecy, was defeated.

It was here—at Sardes—that Xenophon joined the expedition; for he was not amongst the army of Clearchus when it first hired itself to the Persian. Being at Athens, Xenophon received a letter from Proxenus, a friend of his at Sardes, to come and he would introduce him to Cyrus. Xenophon, having consulted both the Delphian oracle and his master, Socrates, accepted the invitation. Curiosity to behold, rather than join so vast an army, appears chiefly to have prompted him. On arriving at Sardes, however, he volunteered into the service of Cyrus, under Clearchus.

Everything being ready, Cyrus commenced his undertaking, which was to march with his vast army 1505 geographic miles,* and then to fight his way to the throne of the most powerful empire then extant. On the 7th of February, in the year 401 *a.c.*, three years after his father's death, and about two subsequent to the beginning of his preparations, Cyrus and his immense military train commenced their eastward march. Except the shifts to which he was occasionally put to conceal his real object from the soldiery, and the danger of desertion which impended when he was obliged at length to make it publicly known, nothing very startling occurred, till—arrived at a spot on the banks of the Euphrates within about 108 miles of Babylon—there appeared the foot-prints and dung of horses, which were

judged to amount to about two thousand in number. In the onward progress of the army, it was perceived that this cavalry had burned all the forage, and laid waste the country which lay in the line of march, so as to deprive the invaders of provisions. Thus Cyrus, to his surprise and mortification, perceived that all his plans were known, and that his brother was fully prepared for his reception.

At about 72 miles north-west of Babylon Cyrus halted, and held a review at midnight; for he expected Artaxerxes would appear next morning at the head of his army to give him battle. This took place between the 1st and 9th of September (*a.c.* 401), eight months after setting out from Sardes. At the review, it was ascertained that the effective force consisted of 10,400 heavy-armed Greeks, and 2400 targeteers of the same nation; and that of the native Asiatics from his viceroyalty (always called by Xenophon 'Barbarians'), there were 100,000 men, with about twenty chariots armed with scythes.

The next day Cyrus commanded his army to march in order of battle. They had only proceeded four miles and a half, when they came upon a trench, five fathoms broad, three deep, and thirty-six miles long, which had been dug across their route, between the Euphrates and Tigris, by way of fortification. The invaders were allowed to pass unmolested, probably to throw them off their guard; an effect, indeed, it seems to have had, for they concluded that the Persians had given over all thoughts of fighting. Hence Cyrus marched with less circumspection; and the third day rode in his car, very few marching before him in their ranks; and great part of the soldiers observed no order, their arms being carried in wagons and upon sumpter-horses.

'It was approaching,' as Xenophon expresses it, 'about the time of day when the market is usually crowded, the army being near the place where they proposed to encamp, when Patagyas, a Persian, one of those whom Cyrus most confided in, was seen riding towards them at full speed, his horse all in a sweat, and calling to every one he met, both in his own language and in Greek, that the king was at hand with a vast army, marching in order of battle; which occasioned a general confusion among the Greeks, all expecting he would charge them before they had put themselves in order: but Cyrus, leaping from his car, put on his corselet, then mounting his horse, took his javelin in his hand, ordered all the rest to arm, and every man to take his post; by virtue of which command the entire army was skilfully disposed by the various generals in battle array.' This happened in the plain of Cunaxa, on the Euphrates, called at present Imseyab. 'It was now,' says Xenophon, 'the middle of the day, and no enemy was yet to be seen; but in the afternoon there appeared a dust like a white cloud, which not long after spread itself like a darkness over the plain! When they drew nearer, the brazen armour flashed, and their spears and ranks appeared, having on their left a body of horse armed in white corselets (said to be commanded by Tissaphernes), and followed by those with Persian bucklers, besides heavy-armed men with wooden shields reaching down to their feet (said to be Egyptians), and other horse and archers, all which marched according to their respective countries, each nation being drawn up in a solid oblong square; and before them were disposed, at a considerable distance from one another, chariots armed with scythes fixed aslant at the axletrees, with others under the body of the chariot, pointing downwards, that so they might cut asunder everything they encountered, by driving them among the ranks of the Greeks, to break them.

The Persians came regularly on; the Greek army standing on the same ground, the ranks being formed as the men came up: in the meantime, Cyrus, riding at a small distance before the ranks, surveying both the enemy's army and his own, was observed by Xenophon, who rode up to him and asked whether he had anything to command? Cyrus, stopping his horse, or-

Parker, London: 1844. The entire space travelled over by the Grecian army was 3465 geographical miles, only 600 of which Mr Anaworth left untraversed.

* Such being the distance from Sardes to Babylon by the line of march he afterwards followed.

dered him to let all know that the sacrifices* and victims promised success. While he was saying this, upon hearing a voice running through the ranks, he asked him what it meant? Xenophon answered that the word was now giving for the second time. Cyrus, wondering who should give it, asked him what the word was; the other replied, "Jupiter the preserver, and victory." Cyrus replied, "I accept it; let that be the word." We stop for an instant to remark that these war-cries have descended down to modern times. The signal, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' given by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, is the last of these battle-mottos on record. Cyrus immediately returned to his post, and the two armies being now within three or four stadia of each other, the Greeks sung the Paean, and began to advance against the enemy; but the motion occasioning a slight break in the line of battle, those who were left behind hastened their march, and at once gave a general shout, as their custom is when they invoke the god of war; and all ran forward, striking their shields with their pikes, as some say, to frighten the enemy's horses; so that the Persians, before coming within reach of their darts, turned their horses and fled; but the Greeks pursued them as fast as they could, calling out to one another not to run, but to follow in their ranks. Some of the chariots were borne through their own people without their charioteers; others through the Greeks, some of whom seeing them coming divided, while others being amazed, were taken unawares; but even these were reported to have received no harm; neither was there any other Greek hurt in the action, except one upon the left wing, who was said to have been wounded by an arrow.

Cyrus, seeing the Greeks victorious on their side, rejoiced in pursuit of the enemy, and was already worshipped as king by those about him. He was not so far transported as to leave his post, and join in the pursuit. He charged with his horse, but was unsuccessful. However, upon discovering Artaxerxes properly attended, he exclaimed, "I see the man!" and ran furiously at him, and striking him on the breast, wounded him through his corslet, as Ctesias the physician says, who affirms that he cured the hurt. While Cyrus was giving the blow, he received a wound under the eye from somebody who threw a javelin at him with great force. The king and Cyrus still engaged hand to hand. In this encounter Cyrus was slain. The whole of the Asiatics, or 'Barbarians,' were signally defeated by that division of the Persian army immediately commanded by Artaxerxes. The head and right hand of Cyrus were cut off on the spot where he was slain, and the king's army broke into and plundered his camp.

Meanwhile the Greeks pursued that division of the Persian forces they had previously routed to a village near to the trench before mentioned. 'Hereupon,' says Xenophon, 'the Greeks halted (it being near sunset), and, lying under their arms, rested themselves; in the meantime wondering that neither Cyrus appeared, nor any one from him; not knowing he was dead, but imagined that he was either led away by the pursuit, or had rode forward to possess himself of some post. However, they consulted among themselves whether they should stay where they were, and send for their baggage, or return to their camp. Resolving upon the latter course, and arriving at their tents about supper-time, they found the greatest part of their baggage plundered, with all the provisions, besides the carriages, which, as it was said, amounted to four hundred, full of flour and wine, which Cyrus had prepared, in order to distribute them among the Greeks, lest at any time his army should labour under the want of necessities; but they were all so rifled by the king's troops, that the greatest part of the Greeks had no supper: neither had they eaten any din-

ner; for before the army could halt in order to dine, the king appeared. And in this manner they passed the night.'

The next morning Clearchus and the Greeks were made to see the full extent of the danger in which they were placed. They found themselves nearly two thousand miles from home, in the midst of the territories of an enemy at whose mercy they were. They were, in fact, surrounded on all sides. In the evening heralds arrived from Artaxerxes ordering the Greeks to deliver up their arms. After some consultation amongst the Greek generals, they sent the following answer to the Persian king:—'If it is proposed we should be friends to the king, we shall be more valuable friends by preserving our arms than by parting with them; and if we are to go to war with him, we shall make war with greater advantage by keeping our arms than by delivering them!' To this it was replied, that if the Greeks attempted to retreat, Artaxerxes would attack them. Afterwards, however, he consented to a truce.

Ariæus, Cyrus's lieutenant-general, now offered to guide the Greeks through the country, if they decided upon forcing a retreat. This guidance Clearchus accepted, and about the 16th of September (B.C. 401) the Greeks commenced the retreat, which proved one of the most famous events in ancient history.

They had not marched far, when they had reason to suspect that Ariæus and his Asiatic followers had been tampered with by the Persians. This suspicion was strengthened when it was found that Tissaphernes was also hovering around their track with a second army, under pretence of returning to the seat of his viceroyalty. However, no actual hostile movement was made till after the Ten Thousand had crossed the Tigris, which they did between the 11th and the 29th of October. Arrived on the northern bank of the Zabatus (now the 'Zab,' a feeder of the Tigris), the Greeks entered into a friendly conference with Tissaphernes, who invited Clearchus to a conference in his quarters. After some debate amongst the Greeks, their chief consented to accept the invitation, but with the precaution of being accompanied by five generals, twenty captains, and about two hundred soldiers, who went under pretence of buying provisions. 'When they came to the door of Tissaphernes, the generals, Proxenus, a Boeotian, Menon, a Thessalian, Agias, an Arcadian, Clearchus, a Lacedæmonian, and Socrates, an Achaian, were called in; the captains stayed without. Not long after, at a given signal, those who were within were apprehended, and those without cut to pieces. After this, some of the Barbarian horse, scouring the plain, killed all the Greeks they met with, both freemen and slaves. The Greeks, from their camp, seeing these excursions of the horse, were surprised, and in doubt of what they were doing, till Nicarchus, an Arcadian, came flying from them, being wounded in the belly, and bearing his bowels in his hands, and informed them of all that had passed. Upon this the Greeks were amazed, and expecting they would immediately come and attack their camp, ran to their arms. But they did not all come; only Ariæus, and ten other generals. 'When within hearing, Ariæus said, "Clearchus, O Greeks! having been found guilty of a violation both of his oath and of the article of peace, is justly punished with death. Of you the king demands your arms, for he says they are his, as having belonged to Cyrus, who was his subject." The snare here tendered was too palpable, and the Greeks answered indignantly, upbraiding Ariæus, whom they termed the most wicked of men.'

This treachery nerved the Greeks in their despair: they determined more firmly than ever to cut their way out of the country, or to die by the way; and proceeded to choose new generals, amongst whom was Xenophon, to whom was intrusted the command of the rear-guard. At this point the historian first appears as a prominent actor in his own narrative. Of the perfidy exhibited by Ariæus and Tissaphernes, Mr Ainsworth justly remarks, that it leaves 'an indelible stain on the Oriental

* It was the custom of the ancients to make sacrifice to the warrior-deities before a battle. From the agonies of the victims when dying, they drew favourable or unfavourable auguries.

character, somewhat similar to that which belongs to our own era, after the lapse of twenty-two centuries, in the conduct of Akbar Khan and his Afghans to the retreating Britons.' It was under pretence of guiding the British troops from Cabul that Akbar Khan caused it to be cut to pieces in the fatal Khoord-Cabul pass. The massacre of the Greek generals in Tissaphernes's camp took place, according to Major Rennel's computation (which we have followed throughout), on the 29th of October, 401 years *a.c.*

With a very slender knowledge of the country, and with no other guide than the sun, the Greeks recommenced their northward retreat towards the Euxine or Black Sea, surrounded by enemies always hovering around their track. After many skirmishes and difficulties, marching near Nineveh, they came to an eminence that commanded the road, on which the Persians having got before them in the night, had obtained a position. This pass it was determined to force. 'On which occasion,' says the historian, 'there was a great shout raised, both by the Greek army and that of Tissaphernes, each encouraging their own men. Xenophon, riding by the side of his troops, called out to them, "Soldiers! think you are this minute contending to return to Greece—this minute to see your wives and children: after this momentary labour, we shall go on without any further opposition." Upon this a discontented soldier, whose name is preserved by the historian, Soteridas the Sicyonian, said, "We are not upon equal terms, O Xenophon! for you are on horseback, while I am greatly fatigued with carrying my shield." Xenophon, hearing this, leaped from his horse, and thrust him out of the ranks, and taking his shield, marched on as fast as he could. He had, however, on him a horseman's corslet, which impeded his progress, and the rest of the soldiers beat and abused Soteridas, and threw stones at him, till he was glad to retake his shield and go on. Xenophon then remounted, and led them on horseback as far as the way would allow; and when it became impassable for his horse, he hastened forward on foot. At last they gained the top of the mountain, and turned the position of the enemy, who then fled, every one as he could, leaving the Greeks masters of the eminence. Tissaphernes and Ariæus with their men turned out of the road, and went another way, while Cheirisophus (commander of the Greek vanguard) with his forces marched down into the plain, and encamped in a village abounding in everything. There were also many other villages in this plain, near the Tigris, full of all sorts of provisions.' The plain here alluded to, remarks Ainsworth, 'is evidently the district around the modern Jezireh ibn 'Omar, the Bezbade of the Romans, and Zozarta of the Chaldeans.'

'When they came to their tents, the soldiers employed themselves in getting provisions, and the generals and captains assembled, and were in great perplexity; for on one side of them were exceeding high mountains, and on the other a river so deep, that when they sounded it with their pikes, the ends of them did not even appear above the water. While they were in this perplexity, a certain Rhodian came to them and said, "Gentlemen, I will undertake to carry over 4000 heavy-armed men at a time, if you will supply me with what I want, and give me a talent for my pains." Being asked what he wanted, "I shall want," says he, "two thousand leather bags. I see here great numbers of sheep, goats, oxen, and asses: if these are flayed, and their skins blown, we may easily pass the river with them. I shall also want the girths belonging to the sumpter-horses: with these," adds he, "I will fasten the bags to one another, and, hanging stones to them, let them down into the water instead of anchors, then tie up the bags at both ends, and when they are upon the water, lay fascines upon them, and cover them with earth. I will make you presently sensible," continues he, "that you cannot sink, for every bag will bear up two men, and the fascines and the earth will prevent them from slipping." This proposition affords one amongst a hun-

dred proofs furnished by modern travellers of the minute fidelity of Xenophon's narrative. Ainsworth states, that at about thirty miles from the junction of the Zab (on the banks of which the massacre of the Greek generals took place) with the Tigris, the 'actual ferry over the river, performed by means of rafts supported on inflated skins, exists in the present day at a place called Kelek Izedi, or the ferry of the Izedis or Yezidis.' The Rhodian's ingenuity was not, however, put to the test, for the Greeks decided on continuing their march along the eastern bank of the Tigris, and to enter Karduchia (Kurdistan). By a masterly manoeuvre, they managed to pass the mountains, and enter Kurdistan without molestation from the enemy. The spot they passed over was part of a remarkable district, it being 'the point,' says Ainsworth, 'where the lofty mountain chain, now designated as *Jébel Jûdi*, and the same, according to Chaldean, Syriac, and Arabian traditions, as that on which the ark rested, comes down to the very flood of the Tigris, which it encloses in an almost impassable barrier of rock.' After this we hear nothing more of Tissaphernes and Ariæus. The diligence and skill of the generals, and the indomitable perseverance of their followers, had completely baffled them. The retreat was, however, constantly impeded by new enemies, consisting of the various people through whose territories they passed in their northward course to the shores of the Euxine.

Arrived in the country of the Scythians (at present partly occupied by the Turkish province of Armenia), they reached a holy mountain called Theches (*Kop Tagh*), whence, to their inexpressible delight, the sea was visible. 'As soon as the men who were in the vanguard ascended the mountain, and saw the sea, they gave a great shout, which, when Xenophon and those in the rear heard, they concluded that some other enemies attacked them in front; for the people belonging to the country they had burned followed their rear, some of whom those who had charge of it had killed, and taken others prisoners in an ambuscade. The noise still increasing as they came nearer, and the men, as fast as they came up, running to those who still continued shouting, their cries swelled with their numbers, so that Xenophon, thinking something more than ordinary had happened, mounted on horseback, and, taking with him Lysius and his horse, rode up to their assistance; and presently they heard the soldiers calling out, "the sea! the sea!" and cheering one another. At this they all set a-running, the rear-guard as well as the rest, and the beasts of burden and horses were driven forward. When they were all come up to the top of the mountain they embraced one another, and also their generals and captains, with tears in their eyes; and immediately the men, by whose order it is not known, bringing together a great many stones, made a large mount, upon which they placed a great quantity of shields made of raw ox-hides, staves, and bucklers taken from the enemy.' 'Xenophon's description,' says Rennel, speaking of this scene, on the arrival of the vanguard of the army on mount Theches, when they caught the first glimpse of the sea, 'is highly pathetic. No one, we presume (and indeed hope), can read it without emotion. What a number of tender ideas must have crowded at once into their minds! The thoughts of home, wives, children, friends—thoughts which they had scarcely ventured to indulge before that moment! In a word, it was a prospect of deliverance; like an opening view of heaven to departing souls.'

Many of the towns on the southern shores of the Euxine having been originally Greek colonies, the retreating army were, with few exceptions, allowed to pass unmolested. As they were originally traitors to the republic of Athens, they of course made no attempt to return thither; but most of them settled in the Byzantine territories. The whole of the way, both of the expedition and of the retreat, comprised 215 days' march of 1155 parasangs, or leagues, and of 34,650 stadia, or 3465 geographic miles; and the time employed in both was a year and three months.

The first news Xenophon heard was that of his having been publicly banished from Athens for the part he had taken in the expedition of Cyrus, and having now become a general, he gave his services to Agesilaus in his Asiatic wars. Here he acquired both fame and riches. He afterwards retired to Scellus, a small Spartan town, where he wrote his *Anabasis* and the other works which have made his name revered by posterity. The rest of his time was employed in rural pursuits and amusements. Having been driven from his retreat to Corinth, he died there, 359 years before the Christian era, in the 90th year of his age.

THE CHAPLAIN'S REPORT ON THE PRESTON HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

Nor the least satisfactory among the evidences of the moral progress of society—the tendency, though slow and imperfect, to a better state of life and action than at present prevail—is the care bestowed on the moral and physical condition of criminals. Ventilation, cleanliness, order, and cheerfulness, are now found in those places which formerly were the most noisome dens of dirt, depravity, and despair; in which ignorance grew to villany, and lax principle to confirmed vice. In the treatment of the culprit at the present day, an object is aimed at beyond that even of the devoted Howard. Punishment is no longer regarded as the sole end of imprisonment; the reclamation of the offender, and his restoration to a steady course of life, now constitute the chief object of criminal discipline.

The publication of prison reports, while affording matter for congratulation, enables us to compare the statistics of former years with the actual amelioration. We have before us one of these reports, of a highly interesting nature, by the Rev. J. Clay, chaplain to the Preston House of Correction. In reading the statements which it gives as to the character of some of the prisoners, we cannot avoid noticing the apparently narrow boundary between a life of hope and usefulness, and one of crime and disgrace. All the facts which prison reports bring to light corroborate what has been so much insisted on in the evidence on the recent sanitary inquiries, that where the population is physically most wretched, there will be the greatest amount of crime. A miserable home, a dirty neighbourhood, have been the primary causes of ruin to many who, in a more favourable position, might have become respected members of society. The little hope that can be entertained for the cultivation of virtuous feelings, the fostering of good motives, amid surrounding depravity, has been frequently adverted to: the obvious inference is, that the deteriorating influences must be mitigated or removed, before we shall see the genuine fruits of the inculcation of sound morality. A gentleman, well known from his connexion with a leading London journal, has said, in reply to the remarks of his friends on this subject, 'You may talk about the effect of education on your labourers and workpeople as long as you please; but morality cannot exist on an empty stomach. I will take care that those on my estate shall be well clothed, housed, and fed, and will not shrink from any comparison with others.' This, though an extreme assertion, has nevertheless some foundation in truth.

The report now quoted sets out with stating that the improvement which has taken place in trade during the past year has had a material effect in diminishing the number of commitments to the house of correction. In the year 1842-3 they amounted to 2050, while in the corresponding period of 1843-4 they were 1549. Foremost among the offences stand 'assaults on the police.' 'This offence always arises from intoxication—a vice which unfortunately becomes prominent as a cause of offence in proportion as increased wages permit increased indulgence in it.' We find the number of larcenies of 'exposed articles' serves as a sort of index of the seasons when work is abundant or scarce. 'During

a long period of embarrassment and distress, coal, clothing hung out to dry, and other unprotected property, tempted into crime the idle and the poor. In the last year, when all persons willing to take work could readily find it, offences of this description were less numerous by half than in the previous years.'

On referring to the table annexed to the report, it appears that the greater proportion of the petty larcenies are committed by the young; and the difficulty is pointed out 'of reforming a child who has been born and reared amidst poverty, neglect, and ill example. The evil which has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, cannot be remedied by the discipline proper to a jail. The first offence of a young criminal is generally followed by a sentence intended to check and to warn. This check and warning, where there have been some previous religious training, and where parents have been willing to assist in the reformation of their child, are found effectual—at least in preventing a relapse into crime.' When these conditions are wanting, the prospect of reformation seems all but hopeless, so great is the amount of labour and watchfulness required to produce it. From a boy in these circumstances, 'every injurious influence should be kept away; the powers of his mind should be roused; his affections should be cultivated; religious knowledge and religious principle should be engrafted, not merely as something to be occasionally referred to, but as the ever-present guide through the hours of his life. All this, it is manifest, cannot be accomplished in a prison. It may be said that an education is here contemplated for the little outcast felon attainable at present by few children belonging to a less degraded class. I can only reply, that such an education *ought* to be given, and when the country has a clearer perception of its duty and interests, *will* be given to all children, and especially to those who, without it, are sure to grow up in brutality and crime, miserable and degraded in themselves, a disgrace and peril to the community.'

The case of nine boys is then given, of whom 'six scarcely possessed a feeling or an idea which could be made available for good. They were ignorant of the alphabet, incapable of uttering a prayer, and unacquainted with even the name of the Saviour.' It is obvious that, on such offenders as those enumerated, the ordinary discipline of a prison will have but little effect. Solitary confinement, unaccompanied by any incentives to a better course of life, is undergone with a feeling in which repentance has no share. It is not regarded as remedial, but as a punishment; and in this view, in nine cases out of ten, the heart is hardened, and vicious habits confirmed. It is to be hoped that the light now thrown on the moral and physical condition of the lower orders of society, will have the effect of promoting the adoption of precautionary and preventive measures, whereby not only the injurers, but the injured will be gainers; for 'when the young criminal, liberated from the punishment of his first discovered offence, runs again into crime, and again stands convicted at the bar, the community demands the infliction upon him of a sentence rendered necessary by its own neglect; and pays a hundred pounds for the removal from the country of a dangerous pest, who, for one-tenth part of the money, might have been educated to fulfil, happily and creditably, the duties of the station for which Providence designed him.'

One of the tables illustrates the connexion between occupation and crime, which involves some important considerations. It will hardly be contended that any trade is in itself vicious; 'but if one demands more attention than another, leaving the person less exposed to the temptations of idleness; or if, on the contrary, an uneducated man's occupation be such as to allow a visit to the alehouse whenever he may be inclined, the probability is greater that, in the latter case, bad habits will be formed and criminal acts committed. It appears that the tendency to crime in the trades enumerated—beginning with the one most productive of

offence—is in the following series:—1, groomers, coachmen, postboys, &c.; 2, bricklayers; 3, colliers; 4, plasterers and slaters, &c.; 5, painters, plumbers, &c.; 6, machine-makers; 7, weavers; 8, carters, &c.; 9, joiners; 10, butchers; 11, blacksmiths; 12, calico printers; 13, factory hands; 14, sawyers; 15, masons; 16, tailors; 17, shoemakers; 18, domestics (females); 19, factory hands (females). The first name and occupation on the list clearly shows the moral evils attendant on irregular employment. The 'colliers' appear to have been more remarkable for vice than for ignorance; and 'weavers' are less to be depended on than factory hands, because 'the ceaseless activity which must be exerted by every person in a cotton-mill affords, there is no doubt, a wholesome preventive to crime. In such places, where every one is under the eye of a vigilant director, there is no leisure for either planning or executing a scheme of plunder. But the case is widely different in regard to weavers; who, working at their own homes, are, with respect to the appropriation of their time, their own masters. Uncontrolled by the fear of losing a good situation, they can leave their employment at any moment, and for any length of time; and, under such circumstances, it is not surprising that temptation should find more victims among them than among the inmates of a well-regulated factory.' The class exhibiting the lowest number of offences is that of tailors and shoemakers; which may probably be accounted for by the fact of many in these trades having a stake in society, by carrying on a small business of their own: this requires a certain degree of attention, and excites a habit of reflection, which may induce the individual, even without the exercise of any high moral motive, to prefer the small but certain gain of his business, to the greater booty, which may be followed by detection, disgrace, and punishment.

We come next to the details given as to the treatment of prisoners: 'Every one, on his arrival, is taken to the reception ward, and an officer, appointed to the duty, enters in a book a minute description of his person, including his age, height, weight, &c. He is then placed in a warm bath, and, after undergoing a thorough cleansing, he is clothed in the dress appropriated to the class to which he may belong. His own clothing is washed and fumigated, and laid up in a well-arranged store-room, until he may require it again on his discharge.' If a prisoner be awaiting trial at the sessions, he has the choice allowed of passing his time in the work-room and yard, or of being placed in a new cell by himself. 'Wherever any sentiment of self-respect remains, wherever sorrow, or a sense of disgrace is weighing on the mind, the offer of separation is gladly embraced. A prisoner under summary conviction is generally, but not always, taken to the work-room. Should he be of any trade—that of a tailor, for instance—which can be exercised in the room or in a cell, he is employed accordingly; if otherwise, he is usually set to picking cotton. In the work-room the strictest silence is maintained, except when, the allotted tasks being completed, a prisoner reads aloud, for the benefit of his fellows, some proper book furnished for the purpose. From the moment of a prisoner's committal, he is informed of the rule forbidding communication by word, look, or gesture; he sees it operating in full force on all his fellow-prisoners; and should he for a moment imagine that, as a new comer, he may venture to violate it, after an admonition on his first offence, the stoppage of a meal, which follows his second experiment in disobedience, assures him that the prison authorities are in earnest.'

Some of the convictions are followed by a sentence of solitary confinement, in which case the meals are taken in the cells, and a discretionary power is exercised in giving work to the prisoner: the term, however, of this species of punishment never exceeds twenty-eight days. 'The seclusion tends to arouse beneficial workings of the mind: the memory, the conscience, and the feelings, seem to develop some of their latent powers, and to derive great moral benefit in their exercise. "Every-

thing that ever I did since I was a child has come back to me; and I see things now different to whatever I did before." Such remarks as this are often heard; and under the most unfavourable circumstances of ignorance, hardness, or levity, the irksome solitude may, and certainly does, fix in the mind a dread of the liability to such punishment again.

'All the prisoners attend the chapel every morning, and twice on the Sunday; a Bible and prayer-book are placed in their cells; they are allowed a due proportion of exercise, and the illiterate have the opportunity of joining the classes under the superintendence of the schoolmaster.'

A comparison is next drawn between the county of Lancaster and some of the agricultural counties, in which the result as regards moral progress comes out favourably for the former: we then meet with personal histories of some of the prisoners, which relieve occasionally the general darkness of criminal statistics; 'and perhaps the pursuit of mere knowledge under difficulties has seldom been illustrated more singularly than in the narrative of one of them sentenced to two months' imprisonment—"I am forty-four years old. I worked at the print-works at A—for 11s. a-week. I have a wife and seven children. I went first to a Baptist, and then to a Swedenborgian Sunday school until I was sixteen. I learned to read and write. I married when I was twenty-one. I was always fond of reading. I read all Swedenborg's works before I married. Afterwards I read Goldsmith, Hume, and Smollett. For thirteen or fourteen years I earned from 20s. to 30s. a-week, and I spent all I could spare in books, although I drank a little occasionally. My books altogether cost me between L.50 and L.60. In botany alone I spent more than L.10. After I read Hume and Smollett, I tried to master Guthrie's geography; then I read Goldsmith's Greece and Rome; then Rollin's Ancient History; then I bought Goldsmith's Natural History, edited by Brown. I joined a chemical society at A—, and bought Murray's Elementary Chemistry, and Ure's Chemical Dictionary. I afterwards bought Sheridan's, Walker's, and Bailey's Dictionaries. I took 20s. worth of Dr Adam Clarke's New Testament. When I took to botany, the Swedenborgian minister said a little Greek would assist me, and he made me a present of a Greek Testament; after that I got one of Bagster's editions, Greek and English; and I also bought two Greek Lexicons. The minister lent me Frey's Hebrew Lexicon, and I made some way in it, so that, when reading theology, I could make out any Hebrew words. I made most labour of botany, and got so far as to understand the cryptogamous plants. I only studied the system of Linnæus; though Smith's Grammar contained both his system and Jussieu's. I continued reading these things until I came here. My children went to the Sunday school; but my wife was very fond of drink, and we had a wretched home. I have often had to carry her home like a log of wood. Her bad conduct spoiled the children." This man's dialect is the broad Lancashire, and would often be unintelligible to those who are not familiar with it.' A slight test of his chemical knowledge was made, by asking him to describe the process of respiration, which he did, according to the general views of it. He translated also several verses from the Greek gospel, though his acquaintance with the grammar and pronunciation was imperfect. Had this man been mated with a good wife, he would have had a cheerful home, well-conducted children, and all the happiness which a love of literature, in connexion with domestic comforts, seldom fails to induce.

We finish our notice of this excellent report with the concluding words of its author, who urges, as an apology for unusual length, 'the anxiety I feel to interest all who have wealth or influence not so much for a few prisoners, as for the thousands whom those prisoners in many respects represent: thousands who, if ignorant, have had no means of learning; if vicious, never saw or understood the beauty of virtue. Breathing the same

air, daily in our sight, we know them little better than we know the people of the opposite hemisphere. In my intercourse with them, few things have struck me more forcibly than the evidences of their complete non-intercourse with persons of superior intelligence and station. Yet this estrangement cherishes prejudices in each against the other, alike unfounded and mischievous; and for the interest and happiness of all, no efforts should be spared for their removal, and for the promotion of mutual confidence and respect.

MORNING.

THE morn is the birth-time of the new day, come to lend fresh light to enable us to renew our labours. It should be welcomed with joy and gladness, as the offer of another chance to us for the fulfilment of our hopes, and the accomplishment of our designs. He who feels that he has a load to bear, and much to do, should regard the first peep of day as a signal to be up and stirring in the battle with opposing circumstances. Early rising, which is nothing more than availing one's self of as much of the daylight as we can, has been a distinguishing habit in the character of most men who have achieved greatness in their professions, trades, and studies. In the middle of the day, we incessantly hear the anxious inquiry, 'What's o'clock?' and it is generally followed by the exclamation, 'Dear me, is it really so late! What shall I do?' It would sound more to the credit of such busy people to hear them asking, 'At what time will it be light-to-morrow morning?' and arranging matters overnight so as to be up at the exact hour. We have no doubt that in Britain there are thousands of young men (ah! and young women too) who have never beheld the beautiful spectacle of sunrise and the gradual opening of day. All the operas and plays that were ever performed we would have foregone, rather than they should have prevented us from attending the rising of the sun—a sight which cannot fail to impress the contemplative beholder with lessons of hope, endless diligence, and silent good-doing. The indefatigable, cheerful, kind old sun—who, it has been remarked, is almost the only thing that is the same to us in old age as in youth—rises early to inspect the world, and we ought to be up at his grand review. Do not disobey the summons of so exemplary a general, but let your eyelids

'open to his rising ray,
And close when Nature bids at close of day.'

Our ancestors did wisely in acting their plays at such seasonable hours of the day as would not interfere with people's retiring to bed at such time as would allow of their rising next morning with the lark. Late amusements and late suppers are evils that call loudly for reform. The next day's business suffers from them. The old admonitory song of

'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,

ought to be written in large letters on the walls of every ball-room, supper-room, and bed-chamber. Good useful maxims like that would be much more agreeable than the fantastic and unmeaning patterns of the paper-stainer. If argument be not sufficient with men who have the inclination to get up betimes, but want the courage to do so, let them imitate the example of Buffon. 'In my youth,' says he, 'I was very fond of my bed, but my old servant Joseph greatly assisted me to conquer that propensity; for I promised to reward him every time that he aroused me at six. The first few mornings I repulsed him, and treated his calls with ill humour, which was making him give way to me again; and then I begged of him not to mind my temper, but insist on my rising, and so earn his reward according to promise. "If you let me sleep, Joseph, you will gain nothing, and I shall lose my time; so think only of my promise, and do not listen to my threats." The next morning, and ever after, he forced

me, in spite of my anger, to rise at six; and when I was thoroughly dressed, and perfectly refreshed, I thanked and rewarded him. To poor Joseph's perseverance in waking me at six, I attribute ten or twelve volumes of my works.' The industrious and accomplished young naturalist Kuhl, used to see the watchman to give an early pull at a string hung out of a window, and fastened to his toe while in bed. On this being pulled, the youth used to rise immediately and commence his arduous studies, wherein he made such progress, that he astonished the oldest professors who conversed with him. Linnæus used, in summer, to go to bed at ten, and rise at three; in winter, he went to bed at nine, and rose at seven. A young nobleman, who visited Apsley House, was shown the truckle-bed in which the Duke of Wellington sleeps, and being astonished at its narrow dimensions, said, 'Why, there isn't room to turn in it!' 'Turn in it!' exclaimed his Grace; 'when once a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time to turn out.'

Late rising is not the habit of the very highest classes, for royalty itself sets the contrary example; and we have met, before now, princes taking their ride before breakfast at six o'clock. The present king of Hanover we have repeatedly seen out at that time. We have known Lord Brougham, when chancellor, make appointments on matters of business at his private residence for eight o'clock in the morning; his own time of rising being four in summer, and half-past six in winter. Supposing that a man rises at six, instead of eight, every morning of his life, he will save, in the course of forty years, twenty-nine thousand hours, which is a great accession of available time for study or business despatch; being, in fact, a gaining of three years, four months, two weeks, and six days. To any person of foresight, calculation, and industry, this fact will prove a sufficient temptation to practise the healthy and useful habit of early rising.

CALLING OF THE SEA.

As the foreknowledge of approaching changes in the weather is of importance, especially to fishermen and agriculturists, I invite attention to a very common, but not generally known, indication of such changes. In Mount's Bay, and probably in all places similarly situated, there is often heard inland, at a distance from the shore, a peculiar hollow, murmuring sound, locally termed 'the calling of the sea,' which, if proceeding from a direction different from the wind at the time, is almost always followed by a change of wind, generally within twelve, but sometimes not until a lapse of twenty-four or even thirty hours. It is heard sometimes at the distance of several miles, although on the shore from which it proceeds the sea may not be louder than usual; and yet at other times, even when the sea on the shore is louder than usual, and in apparently equally favourable states of the atmosphere, it cannot be heard at the distance of a mile. When the sound, in fine weather, proceeds from the coves or cliffs on the west or south of the observer, it is followed by a wind from about west or south, accompanied generally with rain. When it comes from the east or north of the observer, a land-wind from about east or north succeeds, attended with fine weather in summer, and often with frost in winter. All my own observations during the last twelve months confirm the above statement; indeed none of those of whom I have inquired, and who have for many years been accustomed to observe these indications, can recollect a single instance of their failure. This sound must not be confounded with that arising from a 'ground sea,' which is the well-known agitation along the shore occasioned by a distant storm, and which may likewise often proceed from the direction subsequently taken by the wind; for this latter noise propagates itself in every direction, and chiefly in that of the wind; whereas the 'calling' is heard only from one direction, and usually contrary to the wind. Besides, if this 'calling' come from the north-eastern or inmost shore of the bay, and the wind afterwards change to that quarter, it could not possibly arise from a 'ground sea' produced by a distant storm from that direction. Hence it appears that the 'calling' of the sea depends not on the condition of the sea, but on that of the atmosphere. I am in-

formed, too, that previously to a change of weather, all distant sounds are heard loudest in the direction which the wind subsequently takes.—*Report of the Polytechnic Society of Cornwall.*

MY MOTHER.

I HEAR the evening winds among
The hoary forest trees,
As falling leaf and bending twig
Are rustling in the breeze :
But, oh ! the music of the leaves—
Leaves meekly strewn and sear—
Reminds me of thy sweet, sweet voice,
Long silent, mother dear !
It brings to never-dying mind
Those oft-remembered hours,
When I, a thoughtless child, with thee
Would wander 'mong the flowers,
And pu' their fairest, while ye smiled
Mair sweet than tongue can tell :
The gowan aye was thine, and mine
The bonnie heather-bell.
And how ye twined them in a wreath,
To place them on my brow—
To tell me that a pretty king
Of flowers ye crowned me now ;
Then how my happy heart would beat
With love for all, and thee ;
And loud I laughed, and danced, and sang,
In childhood's harmless gloe.
Then all was spring, for new-blown joys
Sprung on each passing hour ;
Or summer, for they ne'er would die,
But ever freshly flower :
Ah ! dark clouds dimmed that sunny sky—
Now winter chills the year,
For thou wert summer's gentle queen,
My long-lost mother dear !
Still, when the bright, the summer sun,
Shines lovely from above,
And pours on every hill and dale
A golden tide of love,
I wander to those early haunts,
And think full long of thee,
And ponder if thy spirit keeps
A loving ward o'er me.
For when thy dark eye ceased to shine,
Thy kind-toned voice to speak,
And when thy gentle hand no more
Could pat me on the cheek,
No eye there was to watch o'er me,
No voice to whisper mild,
No hand to lead, no heart to cheer,
A weary little child.
Yet still, in sunny dreams, betimes,
I see thee by my side,
And, if I've done aught wrong, methinks
I hear thee gently chide ;
While sadly in thy downcast eye
Appears the briny tear,
To guide my frail, though willing steps,
In truth, my mother dear !
But when I walk in wisdom's ways,
And let my words be mild,
Methinks I hear thy praising voice
In every woodnote wild :
And thus, oh mother ! lead my steps
Through every changing year—
My heart to God, my lips to truth,
As thou wouldst, mother dear !

—Poems by J. C. Paterson. Ayr: 1845.

THE IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The space in which the systems composing the universe move is illimitable. Were we to attempt to assign its limits, what could we imagine to be beyond? The number of worlds is infinitely great ; it is inexpressible, indeed, by numbers. A ray of light traverses 180,000 miles in a second of time. A year comprises millions of seconds, yet there are fixed stars so immeasurably distant, that their light would require billions of years to reach our eyes. We are acquainted with animals possessing teeth, and organs of motion and digestion, which are wholly invisible to the naked eye. Other animals exist, which, if measurable, would be found many thousands of times smaller, which, nevertheless, possess the same apparatus. These creatures,

in the same manner as the larger animals, take nourishment, and are propagated by means of ova, which must, consequently, be again many hundreds of times smaller than their own bodies. It is only because our organs of vision are imperfect, that we do not perceive creatures a million times smaller than these. What variety and what infinite gradations do the constituents of our globe present to us in their properties and their conditions ! There are bodies which are twenty times heavier than an equal volume of water ; there are others which are ten thousand times lighter, the ultimate particles of which cannot be known by the most powerful microscopes. Finally, we have starlight—that wonderful messenger which brings us daily intelligence of the continued existence of numberless worlds, the expression of an immaterial essence which no longer obeys the laws of gravitation, and yet manifests itself to our senses by innumerable effects. Even the light of the sun—with the arrival of which upon the earth inanimate nature receives life and motion—we cleave asunder into rays, which, without any power of illumination, produce the most important alterations and decompositions in organic nature. We separate from light certain rays, which exhibit among themselves a diversity as great as exists amongst colours. But nowhere do we observe either a beginning or an end.—*Liebig's Letters on Chemistry (Second Series).*

INFANT TUITION.

Pour in knowledge gently. Plato observed that the minds of children were like bottles with very narrow mouths ; if you attempted to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge was wasted, and little received ; whereas with a small stream, they were easily filled. Those who would make young children prodigies, act as wisely as if they would pour a pail of water into a pint measure.—*Educational Magazine.*

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